#### Part One is the Fall From Heaven

You’ve heard of vampires, witches and the succubus. They are traditionally female monsters. They terrify you because they challenge the notion of male power: they can make a grown man scream. Well, female monsters are based off of the Hebrew myth of Lilith. Everyone knows the story of Adam and Eve, but they don’t know that before there was Eve, there was Lilith. Lilith was Adam’s original wife, created not from his rib, but at the same time by God from the same dust as Adam. Adam told Lilith that her job was to be subservient to him- he told her that it was her duty to lay beneath him, complacent. But Lilith knew the truth- she was created from the same Earth as Adam, at the same time, equal- and she left the Garden of Eden and refused to come back. God sent three angels to bring her back to the garden, but Lilith told the angels she would forever vow to destroy their notion of families. So God created Eve from Adam’s rib, so that Eve could never repeat Lilith’s actions and claim she deserved equality. From this story, Lilith has been spun as a monster, a witch, and other forms of the Other in myths rooted in ancient Assyrian culture. She is a warning of the power of women, painted as evil to warn the danger of women forgetting their place.

**Deborah Grenn-Scott analyzes Cosi Fabian’s poem “Liturgy for Lilith**” (1991). The Lilith Institute. 2009. <http://www.lilithinstitute.com/creations/liturgy.html> CM

**I am Lilith, Grandmother of Mary** Magdalene∂ **I am Lilith, whose sexual fire was too hot for God**.∂ **I am Lilith, the First Woman, who chose the rage of exile over the cancer**∂ **Of servitude**.∂ **I am Lilith, Mother to the Mother-less.**∂ **I am Lilith, whose blood covers the moon**.∂ I am Lilith, standing on owl’s claws at a woman’s crossroads.∂ I am Lilith, the Whore in the gateway of the Temple.∂ I am Lilith, whose serpentine tongue caused Eve to laugh, and pick the∂ apple!∂ I am Lilith, Revolving Sword of Flame – scorching hypocrisy from truth’s∂ white bones.∂ **I am Lilith, free-moving in the Wilderness.**∂ **I am Lilith, spirit of night and air.**∂ **I am Lilith, in whose dark caves transgressors find sanctuary**.∂ I am Salome.∂ I am Morgan le Faye.∂ I am the Queen of Shayba –∂ My hair is black, and I am ‘dark but comely’,∂ **(Solomon sang my song!)**.∂ My hair is red and my skin, ivory.∂ I am Eve’s big sister.∂ I am Lilith, Mother to the motherless.∂ I am Lilith, whose sexual fire was too hot for God.∂ **I am Lilith, living in the Shadow.**∂ **Waiting. For you**.∂ ∂ I believe **Fabian’s work**, which ranges from poetry to playwriting, **provides us with** exciting new **images of Lilith and** of sacred **sexuality.** **Fabian**, who refers to her profession as that of sacred prostitute, **gives us Lilith in a** new, **strongly feminist light**. **She portrays Lilith as bold, openly sexual, irreverent, enlightened, righteously rageful** at times **and unquestionably empowered**.

Forget the picture of Lilith as a monster and know her as she really was: Lilith was the first feminist.

#### Part Two is Affirming the Slut

Society cast away Lilith because she dared to say no to subservience- I affirm the Lilith in all of us and TAKE BACK HER POWER. The judge is the jury and the debate space is the courtroom- here we listen to arguments and put them on trial. But arguments aren’t the only thing being put on trial here- the debate community has allowed the judgment of women. I advocate a nullification of the slut shaming and “bro culture” in debate in through the affirmation of sex-positive feminism and the embracing of Lilith as a feminist symbol.

Lilith represents a feminist icon through embracing her sexuality and refusing to be ashamed.

Wells:

Kimberly Ann Wells, Screaming, Flying and Laughing: Magical Feminism’s Witches in Contemporary Film, Television, and Novels. May 2007. CM

The temple of Proserpexa is decorated by snarling gargoyles, and an inverted pentagram topped off by a trident. But most importantly she needs **the** effigy of what is actually a statue combining iconography of several female goddess figures. It is this “effigy” of Proserpexa that is a most **powerful image of unruly goddesses and female rage and power**, but it also **combines** several other **feminist icons, including Lilith**, known as **Adam’s first wife,** and **a symbol of female disobedience and rebellion** (Figure 11). In its appearance, the effigy of Proserpexa is a cross between Medusa and Lilith, naked, white, snarling with a pointy tongue protruding and a snake wrapped around her. The visuals of the statue are almost identical to a painting by John Collier of Lilith, which similarly shows the white naked body of the woman encircled by the dark snake (Figure 14). Aside from being interesting allusions comparing Persephone/Demeter, the show points us to a mythology that is matriarchal, and places Tara/Willow’s story into another context than that of the crazed, destructive lesbian. **It** further **portrays** Willow as part of a **feminist power** iconography, and allows pleasure for viewers for whom these images resonate. **It rewrites the archetype of the dark destructive witch to a** more ambiguous mythos that can also be seen as a source of multiple co-existing types of power, not just evil or good, but formidable and complex combination of both. In opening up these alternatives, the show allows for a **complex representation of female power.**

Lilith takes back her sexuality and subverts the idea of stereotypical gender roles. Embrace the notion of the sexually empowered female as a method of embracing female power.

Wells:

Kimberly Ann Wells, Screaming, Flying and Laughing: Magical Feminism’s Witches in Contemporary Film, Television, and Novels. May 2007. CM

Instead of Medusa-snakes in her hair **we see** a snake wrapped suggestively around the effigy’s naked body, bringing in allusions not only to Medusa but also to **Lilith**, aligning Proserpexa **with** these other **icons of female power, unruliness, and sexuality**. As **Lilith**, the statue **represents female sexuality tied to unruly, powerful female speech**. While her sexuality might be contained, as her nakedness is wrapped, constrained by the phallic snake, her tongue still juts pointily out, committing unheard speech acts that allow Willow to channel this energy to try to destroy the world. **Her unrestrained, rebellious, verbal expression**, represented by this pointy tongue, **reminds us of Lilith’s powerful speech in escaping the Garden of Eden**. In speaking God’s true name to escape the Garden of Eden and Adam**, Lilith’s unruly, disobedient speech resonates as an icon of powerful female speech.** However, for Proserpexa and Willow, the speech act is unspoken, “the word” unheard but only seen in the tongue’s protrusion. This representation of wild, **powerful language that is not delicate and feminine places** this as **unruly female speech rather than male logos**. **Instead of a male God speaking the world into being with a single phrase, this female figure of power** **will** allow her disciple Willow, who has absorbed through her hands “the words” of dozens of magic books (leaving white, blank pages) to **scorch the earth, destroying the world** without a single word ever being spoken.

Lilith’s demands for equality and liberation strategy make her a symbol for sex-positive feminism.

Wells:

Kimberly Ann Wells, Screaming, Flying and Laughing: Magical Feminism’s Witches in Contemporary Film, Television, and Novels. May 2007. CM

**Lilith is** known as **a perpetually disobedient female figure.** **As Adam’s first wife, “refusing to assume a subservient role to Adam** during sexual intercourse and so deserting him,” (Wikipedia) **she has become associated with feminism.** **She is seen as demanding equality** in being created at the same moment in the J1 strand of Genesis (Baring Cashford 510). Baring and Cashford claim that “what ‘went wrong’ with the first [marriage] was obviously Lilith’s equality and independence” (511). Baring and Cashford argue that **Lilith, “in Hebrew myth, gathered around her all the associations of night and death** without repose” (520). **Lilith is also Biblically credited as** being **the mother of demons and succubi**, so her appearance in a narrative about vampires is a no- brainer. With her name having been translated as lamia or “a witch who steals children” **there is also** very much **a historical precedent for associating Lilith with witches,** as Baring and Cashford explain: “**In** the same **imagery** as was **employed for Lilith**, **thousands were accused of copulating with demons, killing infants and seducing men**– **of being**, in a word, **witches**” (512). **Lilith shows up** so much **in** positive and negative **representations of female sexuality, rebellion, and power because her refusal to submit to Adam and even to a patriarchal God casts her as a figure that is** much more **feminist** than the more submissive Eve. **In searching for female figures** that do not cast women as weak and submissive, **artists are drawn to Lilith** again and again **as an expression of female power and resistance to patriarchy.**

Embrace Lilith as a symbol of female sexuality and feminism. Affirm female sexuality as a method of subverting the notions of gender roles- prefer this methodology because it allows room for creating a liberation strategy for different intersections of oppression.

**Prude-Hunt:**

Alisa Prude-Hunt. The Politics of Sluttiness (Can You Afford to be a Ho?). <http://ewp.cas.nyu.edu/docs/IO/39266/prudeafford.pdf> CM

**The way** in which **hooks went about having sex** with people **was** arguably **a political act**. In **resisting the conventions of** male and female **sexuality**, she felt that she **was reclaiming her sexual autonomy.** I think hooks feels that **this defiance of convention and stereotype is the key to** the **sexual liberation of** white women and **women** of color alike. For women to liberate themselves from the bounds of the “status quo,” **the white woman’s rejection of her sexuality as “pure”** and bordering on childlike **is just as essential as the black woman’s rejection of her role as a “ho**” or a “mammy.” And we’re left to assume that **hooks** intentionally **sought** out sexual **partners she knew would respect her** for who she was, as a woman of color, and not a caricature of black womanhood. hooks’s **demand for respect defies** not only **sexism**, but racism as well. In the same way I’d originally overlooked the key word, assertive, in hooks’s description of a formerly “sexually assertive” Madonna, I’d completely ignored the way in which she engaged with sex in her own life (“Power” 10). **The how** really, really **matters**.∂ Such **pointed and confrontational analyses embody** hooks’s **demand for the acknowledgement of** black **women’s humanity**. In order for a black woman to even begin to claim her sexuality, she must first be humanized. While hooks shows us through her own sexual experiences that sexual liberation is possible for a black woman, she makes it very clear that no sexual agency can be reclaimed so easily if black women are not afforded the same spectrum of sexual identity and expression as white women are.∂ An undertone in hooks’s work is a coming to terms with the notion that most **sex comes with political responsibility**. Through her critical analyses of contemporary society, **hooks seeks for all women to understand** **the power dynamics** that our culture has **fused to sex,** lest we fall victim to a trap of exploitation and a reinforcement of stereotypes thinly disguised as progressive. If we do not see through this veil, hooks warns, we become Madonnas fooled into thinking we’re Ellen Willises, and Whitney Houstons thinking we’re Audre Lordes.∂ But **most important**, perhaps, to hooks’s work **is a striving towards an inclusive feminism,** a want to **liberate all women from a society that restricts the freedom of sexual identity and empowerment**. This map of hooks’s mind fills me with the same sense of “promise and possibility,” the same “vision of freedom” that the image of a black Madonna evoked in her (10). When reading hooks’s work, the confident college girl I imagine her to have been is brought to life, the demand of her own agency evoked in every word she writes.

Feminist monsters challenge patriarchal stereotypes that attempt to force women to conform.

Kérchy:

Fevvers’ spectacular performances in Ma Nelson’s brothel and Madame Schreck’s Museum of Woman Monsters, her posing in tableau vivant as Cupid, “the sign of love,” as Winged Victory, “a perfect, active beauty . . . mutilated by history” (37), and as **the castrating femme fatale** Angel of Death, also carry ambivalent meanings. She **repeats patriarchal stereotypical representations** of women with a wink, via a “perverse dynamics of transgressive reinscription,”11 a parody turned into politics, she performs à la Judith Butler a “gender trouble” with the aim to denaturalize the regulative fiction **of a true gender identity**, and to reveal the culturally constituted, ideologically-discursively reproduced, repetitive and overall performative aspect of gender, that is always already a “copy of the copy,”12 and thus **to provide** in the long run **an ironic critique of the ideology** of representation **limiting female identification**. According to Butler and Fevvers, it is only within the (patriarchal) practices of repetitive signifying that alternative domains of cultural intelligibility, new **possibilities of gender contest**ing the rigid **codes of hierarchical binarisms** and **subversions of substantive identity** may **become possible**.13 Butler’s description of “doing gender trouble” is particularly fitting for Fevvers’ carnivalesque grotesque performance: “doing gender [she] repeat[s] and displace[s] through hyperbole, dissonance, internal con- fusion, and proliferation the very constructs by which [her possibilities of doing gender] are mobilized.”14 Fevvers’ wings recall patriarchal topoi as the Victorian Angel in the House, defined uniquely in relation to man as subordinated wife and mother, the Muse exploited to inspire male creativity and muted herself, Fairies objected to the rape of the male gaze, as well as the winged statue of Nike of Samothrace, which simply lacks a head. However, realizing her performative possibilities for **proliferating alternative gender configurations**, she **subverts** these **clichés of femininity** from within: she acts out an angel in the house of suffragette whores, her sexual activity mocks the Victorian angel, yet she also **challenges the stereotype of the whore, the supernatural succubus**, as her confidence trick is based on her claimed virginity. She continuously uses her heterogeneous body as a space for the narrative deconstruction of her identity, by technologies of the self working against Foucaultian technologies of power, she erases and rewrites traditional stories of femininity, weaving her own texts, becoming an author of her own. Fevvers is **a self-parodic and self-made woman** (de)constructing her patchwork wings by recycling the divine Leda and the Swan just as much as a lowly London pigeon. She flies by reweaving myths and gossip, art and craft, by relying subversively on the established knowledge of library books just as much as on Lizzie’s innovative calculations, and on Baudelaire’s albatross-artist. She is never what she seems to be, she **performs simulacra**, her repetition is **a revision of icons of femininity and an embodiment of her multiple selves**, constituting a part of her confidence trick, **a subversive feminist tactic**, revealing a liberating play of carnivalesque identities and narratives inspired by a heterogeneous body, rendering engendered, homogeneous identity “radically incredible.”15

#### Part Three is the ROB

**The role of the ballot is to vote for the debater that best shoots the balls off the white supremacist capitalist heteropatriarchy that appropriates silence in the debate space. As a judge, you are an educator and it is your duty to adjudicate the round based on who provides the most inclusive and safest form of education for all.**

**Anger has grown from all the slut shaming, name calling, the pressure to have sex, the pressure to be feminine but assertive, but not bitchy; all the lived experiences that I mobilize to unleash a frightening rage that forces change from the personal to the political. It is birthed from this elitist academic debate community. A politics of rage allows for pure academia that is accessible to everyone, without the taming of the system-driven academy.**

**Mupotsa and Mhishi in ’08**   
(Danai S Mupotsa with Lennon Mhishi, This Little Rage of Poetry / Researching Gender and Sexuality.  Feminist Africa 11 Researching for Life: Paradigms and Power Issue 11: December 2008 -<http://agi.ac.za/sites/agi.ac.za/files/fa11_entire_journal.pdf)> CM

Is it really ethical to study young people? To talk about their sex? To talk about our sex? To take our secrets and compile them into **rational** intellectual **analyses of power and discourse**, using words and terms generally inaccessible to the owners of the secrets? Is it ethical to **sanitize our work rendering it acceptable to the gatekeepers of the academy** – some feminist, some otherwise, **who** often still – despite a veneer of language around knowledge and transformation – **maintain a** strong **resemblance to** the racist, **masculinist** vestiges of a much-critiqued **scientific objectivity and truth?** As research “initiates”, we have found that our insights and ideas are often viewed as preliminary, naive, underdeveloped, too subjective, immature. That may be one source of rage. A more insidious form, rage at the self being constructed by the doctoral machine, asks: who am I to tell a friend that her experience of a back-street abortion is important and valuable, facilitating my role as a researcher, when fundamentally my work in this sense is reduced to a mere exercise for the sake of my own intellectual fulfilment? Who am I to expose my own secrets, my imagination, my joy and, most precious, my fury, in light of an academic environment that often fails to credit my knowing? It is probably a very good thing to be disillusioned by “the university”. After all the hierarchies produced here are precisely the hierarchies we see in the world – of those who labour the “mind”, versus those who labour the “body”, as though both processes were not dependent upon the other, each rite of academic passage presenting a new opportunity for the reification of class hierarchies. Is it really appropriate for me to take the words, lives and experiences of my peers and use them to access a new “height” in this sense? With the rampage of global neoliberal reforms where intellectuals need to constantly (and competitively) write and publish to keep up in the marketplace, is it possible that my (or any of our) efforts at a politically active and motivated research ethics can survive? **The university has become a mass production line**, and it seems to me that they are milling PhDs out like cold product. While **I am angry** because **I feel alienated within the hierarchy of knowledge production** within the university, I am even further enraged by the “knowing” distance between these sites of knowledge production and those more accessible to ordinary people. I want to again **find the language for a rage-inspired feminist research**, revelling in the body/mind reactions of my thinking self, because I do not know any other way to cope with the brick walls that are standing in my way **I propose a research ethics based on a politics of rage**. I do so, because I think that **what I have to say about sex and gender is important** and that what my peers have to say about the matter is also important. I believe that these are matters of power, identity that reach the core of the messy, rotting world within which we live. **A politics of rage**, for me **is a recovery of** sites of **intellectual production** – it is about being open to and **participating in** sites of **knowledge production outside the university**. It is also about co-production of knowledge in research, that is, while including my own narratives as data, my work intends to take the narratives of the women contributing (participating) to this work more seriously than the usual view of them as “objects” or “sources” of data. I seek **a politics of rage that refuses to be made tame by the money-driven bureaucracies that shape the university** today. I suspect that a politics of rage (or of this sort) is what many of you and many of my mentors have applied as a means of making sense of what it means to do research – to investigate social life in this awful, messy place. But what do you do with the actual rage? Unapplied.

**My rage is a rupture in the silence and it mobilizes anger to the next phase of liberation as it moves from the personal to the political. I’ve accumulated anger from our experiences rooted in the academy and the debate space. I will no longer be a walking apology, I will no longer be silent. And my rage demands attention, and even without it, tears at the walls of white supremacist capitalist patriarchy, for a new social order.**

**Kaplow in ’73**  
(Susi Kaplow is a radical feminist who is a part of a huge women’s liberation effort in Paris, France. If you don’t know her, you’re doing it wrong.  "Getting Angry" Radical Feminism. 1973., Accessed via GMU Libraries, Last Accessed 10/14/14) CM

Two scenarios: An angry man: someone has infringed on his rights, gone against his interests, or harmed a loved one. Or perhaps his anger is social--against racism or militarism. He holds his anger in check (on the screen we can see the muscles of his face tighten, his fists clench) and then, at the strategic moment, he lets it go. We see him yelling, shouting his angry phrases with sureness and confidence--or pushing a fist into his opponent's stomach with equal conviction. In either event, the anger is resolved; our hero has vented it and is content with success or accepts what he knows to be unmerited defeat. Dissolve to scene two. An angry woman: angry at her man for cheating on her or (more likely) at the other woman. If we're in the good old days, she stomps up to her man and begins to scream wildly, he holds her down with his pinky, her anger melts in his embrace. After the fade-out, we find a puzzled heroine wondering how she could have been angry at such a good man. Or she marches over to the local saloon, hurls a few choice epithets at her rival, and then the hair-pulling begins. This ludicrous scene is always broken up by the amused and slightly scandalized gentlemen on the sidelines. In modern dress the same episode would be played differently. Discovering her husband's or lover's infidelity, the woman would smolder inwardly until the anger had burned down to a bitter resentment or becomes such a pressurized force that it could only come out in a rage so uncontrollable that the man (and the audience) can dismiss it as irrational. "I can't talk to you when you're like this." Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. For a **woman in our society is denied the** forthright **expression of her** healthy **anger**. Her attempts at physical confrontation seem ridiculous; "ladies" do a slow burn, letting out their anger indirectly in catty little phrases, often directed against a third party, especially children. A woman has learned to hold back her anger: It's unseemly, aesthetically displeasing, and against the sweet, pliant feminine image to be angry. And the **woman fears her own anger**: She the great conciliator, the steadier of rocked boats, moves, out of her fear, to quiet not only others' anger but also her own. Small wonder that when the vacuum-sealed lid bursts off, the angry woman seems either like a freaked-out nut or a bitch on wheels. Her frenzy is intensified by the shakiness of her commitment to her own anger. What if she's really wrong? What if the other person is right? --Or worse (and this is the greatest fear) hits back with, "You're crazy, I don't know what you're so mad about." Why can't women allow themselves the outlet of their contained anger? Why do those around them find an angry woman so frightening that they must demoralize and deflate her into a degraded, inauthentic calm? Healthy anger says "I'm a person. I have certain human rights which you can't deny. I have a right to be treated with fairness and compassion. I have a right to live my life as I see fit, I have a right to get what I can for myself without hurting you. And if you deprive me of my rights, I'm not going to thank you, I'm going to say 'fuck off' and fight you if I have to." **A person's anger** puts him or her on center stage. It **claims attention for itself and demands to be taken seriously**, or else. (Or else I won't talk to you, I won't work with you or be friendly toward you, or else, ultimately, our association is over.) Expressing anger means risking. Risking that the other person will be angry in return, risking that he or she will misunderstand the anger or refuse to deal with it, risking that the anger itself is misplaced or misinformed. So **you need strength to say you're angry**--both the courage of your convictions and the ability to accept that your anger may be unwarranted without feeling crushed into nothingness. You must not have your total worth as a person riding on the worth of each individual case of anger. Thus **anger is self-confident, willing to fight** for itself even at the jeopardy of the status quo, **capable of taking a risk** and, if necessary, of accepting defeat without total demise. Above all, **anger is assertive. The traditional woman is the polar opposite of this description.** Lacking confidence in herself and in her own perception, she backs away from a fight or, following the rules of chivalry, lets someone else do battle for her. Strong emotions disturb her for the disruption they bring to things-as-they-are. So shaky is her self-image that every criticism is seen as an indictment of her person. She is a living, walking apology for her own existence--what could be more foreign to self-assertion? Although the reality has changed somewhat, most women will recognize themselves somewhere in this description. And society clings to this model as its ideal and calls an angry woman unfeminine. Because **anger takes the woman out of her** earth mother **role** as bastion **of peace and calm**, out of her familial role as peacemaker, out of her political role as preserver of the status quo, out of her economic role as cheap labor, out of her social role as second-class citizen. It takes her out of roles altogether and makes her a person. It is no accident, then, that **the emotion which accompanies the first steps toward liberation is, for most women, anger**. Whatever sense of self-worth you have been able to emerge with after twenty or thirty years of having your mind messed with, gives you the vague feeling that your situation is not what it should be and sends you looking tentatively at the world around you for explanations. Realizations are, at first, halting, and then begin to hit you like a relentless sledge hammer, driving the anger deeper and deeper into your consciousness with every blow. Your fury focuses on the select group of individuals who have done you the most damage. You are furious at your parents for having wanted a boy instead; at your mother (and this fury is mixed with compassion) for having let herself be stifled and having failed to show you another model of female behavior; at your father for having gotten a cheap bolster to his ego at your and your mother's expense. You are furious at those who groom you to play your shabby role. At the teachers who demanded less of you because you were a girl. At the doctors who told you birth control was the woman's responsibility, gave you a Hobson's choice of dangerous and ineffective devices, then refused you an abortion when these failed to work. At the psychiatrist who called you frigid because you didn't have vaginal orgasms and who told you you were neurotic for wanting more than the unpaid, unappreciated role of maid, wet nurse, and occasional lay. At employers who paid you less and kept you in lousy jobs. At the message from the media which you never understood before: "You've come a long way, baby" -- down the dead-end, pre-fab street we designed for you. Furious, above all, at men. For the grocer who has always called you "honey" you now have a stiff, curt "don't call me honey." For the men on the street who visit their daily indignities on your body, you have a "fuck off," or, if you're brave, a knee in the right place. For your male friends (and these get fewer and fewer) who are "all for women's lib" you reserve a cynical eye and a ready put-down. And for your man (if he's still around), a lot of hostile, angry questions. Is he different from other men? How? And when he fails to prove himself, your rage explodes readily from just beneath the surface. This is an uncomfortable period to live through. You are raw with an anger that seems to have a mind and will of its own. Your friends, most of whom disagree with you, find you strident and difficult. And you become all the more so because of your fear that they are right, that you're crazy after all. You yourself get tired of this anger--it's exhausting to be furious all the time--which won't even let you watch a movie or have a conversation in peace. But from your fury, you are gaining strength. **The exercise of your anger gives you a sense of self and of self-worth**. And the more this sense increases, the angrier you become. The two elements run in a dialectic whirlwind, smashing idols and myths all around them. You see, too, that you can get angry and it doesn't kill people, they don't kill you, the world doesn't fall apart. Then this anger, burning white hot against the outside world, suddenly veers around and turns its flame toward you. Sure, they fucked you up and over, sure, they oppressed you, sure they continue to degrade and use you. But--why did you let it happen? Why do you continue to let it happen? All of a sudden you are up against the part you played in your own oppression. You were the indispensible accomplice to the crime. You internalized your own inferiority, the pressing necessity to be beautiful and seductive, the belief that men are more important than women, the conviction that marriage is the ultimate goal. Seeing this, you are violent against yourself for every time you were afraid to try something for fear of failing, for all the hours lost on make-up and shopping, for every woman you missed because there was a man in the room, for getting *yourself* stuck as a housewife or in a job you hate because "marriage is your career." This phase of anger turned inward is terrifying. You are alone with your own failed responsibilities toward yourself, however much you can still blame others. It is this phase that some women find unbearable and flee from, returning to the first phase of anger or dropping out altogether. Because this inturned **anger demands** action--**change**--and won't let go until its demands begin to be satisfied. You can fall back on your inability to control others and their behavior toward you. But you can't comfortably claim powerlessness over your own conduct. Nor can you, at least for long, go on being furious at others (the forty-five-year-old who still blames mommy, flounders) if you don't even try to get yourself together. This inturned **anger is a** constructive or rather **reconstructive catalyst.** For what you can do under its impetus is to restructure yourself, putting new images, patterns and expectations in place of the old, no longer viable ones. As you use your anger, you also tame it. **Anger becomes a tool** which you can control, not only to help you make personal changes but **to deal with the world outside** as well. You can mobilize your anger to warn those around you that you're not having any more bullshit, to underscore your seriousness, to dare to drive your point home. Through the exercise of your anger, as you see its efficacy and thus your own, you gain strength. And the growing feeling that you control your anger and not vice versa adds to this strength. As you gain this control, become surer of yourself, less afraid of being told you're crazy, your anger is less enraged and, in a sense, calmer. So it becomes discriminating. You reserve it for those individuals and groups who are messing with your mind--be they men or other women. This progression of **anger finds its ultimate meaning as an experience shared with other women.** All striving to understand their collective situation, women in a group can help each other through the first, painful phase of outward-directed anger. Through consciousness-raising each woman can (at least ideally) find sufficient confirmation of her perceptions to be reassured of her own sanity--and can find growing strength to do without such confirmation when necessary. **In** the second phase of inturned **anger**, **women can support one another in** their attempts at **self-definition and change,** change which others will try to forestall. And, at the same time, they can start to move together to create new social forms and structures in which individual changes can come to fruition. Controlled, directed, but nonetheless passionate, **anger moves from the personal to the political** and becomes a force for shaping our new destiny.